Poems (drafts)

- Brian Edwards

You my little
shadows of time
you my little
sparrows of wine
down on the beach
seaweed
stretching to
the horizon
I start walking
maybe I'll reach
the inlet by noon
Neptune's
ancient trident
is out there
close by
I can feel
its psychic presence
with that
psychic presence
with that
psychic perception
I've hidden so well
the freighters
sail by
the albatross
flies above
this is
a maritime
trance vision
epiphany
revelation
all the way
from Ithaca
do you experience
strange
mesmerizing dreams
sometimes
trust in
the goddess
of love
standing
in her seashell
with flowers
blowing around
in the sea wind
*** - 2/22/2026

I dreamt
of a star-touched
wind
and islands
of galactic eternity
drifting through
the very same
sea of time
in which
we find ourselves
interstellar
radio messages
were bouncing around
from moon to moon
comets flew by
many inhabited worlds
to herald
the birth
or the death
of a great
novelist or poet
dreams were
all around
searching
for dreamers
in the astral realms
celestial choirs
were heard
across event horizons
I dreamt
I dreamt
with joy
of a star-touched
wind
blowing across
the waves
in a sea of time

***

- 2/22/2026

I crossed
the river Styx once
and then
I crossed back
to this side
of the shore
I went to
the oracle once
and had a dream
that will echo
in my memory
I've seen things
become very strange
across the land
very strange
indeed
as if Venus
herself
has been away
far too long
when Mars
has been
hanging up there
for far too long
I've wondered
the paths
of least resistance
in my time
I've created
eternal
afterlife palaces
in my mind
they will be
waiting for me
when I cross
the river Styx again
for the last time

***

- 2/23/2026

A snowy
Siberian morning
here in New Jersey
isolated
indoors
by a massive
winter storm
the landscape
around me
looks like
a winter dream
personified
stuck here
all day with
my imagination
which seeks
more dreams
of winter
out there
the snow
is still falling
Siberia
has extended
itself
to my hometown
this day

***

- 2/23/2026

A ship
in a bottle
stirs up
some maritime
memories
in the old
noggin here
it is
a snow covered
cold winter's
morning
yet with a ship
in a bottle
I can journey
to places
I can journey
to the shore
a year
two years
forty years ago
I can almost
feel the sea breeze
I can almost feel
the salty air
a ship
in a bottle
can take you places
a ship
in a bottle
is your ship
upon which
you may sail
upon a sea
of memories

***

- 2/23/2026

Visions of vanity
other people's vanity
never my own
I have no vanity
I have only
some broken
psychological bones
last week
I had a dream
about the stars
last week
I had another dream
I was somewhere
in the far north
my eyes enchanted
by the splendor
of the Aurora Borealis
this morning
there were those few
visions of vanity
and a few
visions of insanity
yet we'll cast those
right out
the door
into the snowy
world out there
the snows
of February
all of this snow
feels like
someone else's
memory dream
of the Yukon
or Siberia
or somewhere
up in
the Archangel Isles
the snowflakes
are falling still
with all of their
crystalline detail
and splendor
individual
unique splendor

memories and dreams
are held
by the clouds above
they bestow
such memories
upon us
in crystalline form
the form
of the snowflake
is the form
of the immaculate
winter dream

***

- 2/23/2026

I called forth
at the awakening
of an eternal Sun
here on
a Southern New Jersey
beach
I am looking out
upon the Ocean
and having visions
of Viking ships
sailing by
their destination
is unknown to me
if I had to guess
I'd say
it's most likely
Newfoundland
Godspeed to them
on their voyage
in this
mystical hour
and there
looking through
a different
perspective
looking with
a different
perspective
I see a Sun-blessed
rocky slope
leading up to
a Medieval castle
banners fly
magnificently
from the towers
in a sea wind
a wind of visions
I move down
the beach
still moving away
from our own time
the seagulls
fly above
singing praises
in this

poetic ceremony
of the morning

***

- 2/23/2026

Let us not
sink into
the sunken sorrow
of divide
let us realize
all that there is
to be realized
about this journey
that we find
ourselves on
let us move boldly
through winds
of proclamation
and contrivance
we must be
resolute
in all of this
eternal fog
we must not allow
our eyes
to be fooled
by such
deceiving sights
we must pull down
star-essence
from the night
and breathe it in
we are a long
long ways
from the beginning
yet it is
a place within
ourselves
that we must
revisit
do these shadows
ever think of us
with compassion
or do they mean
to cast us into
deserts of time
where light
is forgotten
*** - 2/23/2026

The world
out there
hugged by
the snowy arms
of winter
that sound there
that's the sound
of the snow
hitting my windows
it's a sound
to be heard
perhaps a few times
a year
around here
in this
snowy little corner
of the entire world
if I have to
go out there later
for smokes
it will be
a struggle
the snow scene
out there
a beautiful scene
yet it will
be a struggle
to travel about
we're talking
wet boots
wet socks
wet feet
is it worth it
for a few
puffs of tobacco
whether it is
or isn't
the answer
for me
will most certainly
be yes

***

- 2/23/2026

Nothing
sings so sweet
as the sweet song
of the sweet
my eternal ocean
is an ocean
of my own eternity
I can see beyond
some mountains
on Mars
all from
my untidy
apartment here
in Jersey
it was time
well past time
for the flowers
of the
celestial gardens
to appear
before our eyes
here is
a way forward
it will require
some level
of awakening
in the soul
for each of us
nothing
is as sweet
as the sweet song
as the love
of song
as the love
of the eternal song
that is eternal

***

- 2/23/2026

I'm looking
to the east
and seeing
snow clouds
I'm looking
to the west
and seeing
snow clouds
I'm looking
up above
towards Elysium
and seeing
snow clouds
this day
in the vast
progression
of time
it seems like
snow is
the emperor
of the Universe
the kingdom
of snow
just the other night
I was looking upon
a thousand
dreaming stars
just the other night
I was gazing
up at the stars
hoping to find
some insight
and some
philosophical truths
I found them alright
as it is known
that our philosophies
down here
eventually drift
up there
and remain
in existence
forever
among the many
constellations
*** - 2/23/2026

From atop a hill
I looked down
on that
flowing
river of time
the days
the years
the centuries
flowing along
offering reflection
offering a measure
of solace
and sanctuary
from the wild winds
of life upon
this Earth
a spark
of the roses
a spark
of the violets
there before
our work-weary eyes
fill me
with a sense
of fellowship
for I am
a soul of the Earth
I am a navigator
of dreams
and I seek
isles of fellowship
in a sea
of all promising
yet work-weary
dreams

***

- 2/23/2026

The Roman statues
spoke much
wisdom to me
through telepathy
in the glowing light
of a new day
I have thus
taken a mental
photograph
of these moments
in my mind
I wished to
find a thing
I envisioned a thing
I went on
a holy quest
to find a thing
I .... and what
I wished to find
found each other
in the light
of a new day
then I moved along
out into
the marshes
of shadows
where your sanity
is something
that you must
hold on to tightly
with much care
here where many
of my lyrical songs
were brought
into creation
in an hour
when sweet
Ophelia's song
is heard
upon clouds
high above

***

- 2/23/2026

A perfect storm
of perfect
bad situations
arose from
the deserts
in the west
and from off
the ocean
in the east
and problem
situations
arose like
melancholic vapor
from places
in between
I would often
freeze for
a moment
and ponder
how did
all of this
come to be
I could hardly
believe it myself
yet here we are
is it so
that fate is both
a sorcerer
and a saint
yet less often
a saint
is there
any sanctuary
somewhere
that I can
awaken to
and be another soul
with a different
vision
that sees the world
differently

***

- 2/23/2026

The sea
tells me often
of its pondering
thoughts
the sea believes
that I am
awake enough
to confide in
the sea
speaks to me
of tempest
and how we all
must endure
a tempest
of the soul
from time to time

***

- 2/23/2026

Under the streetlight
that stands like
an ancient pillar
that glows like
an ancient beacon
standing
under the streetlight
that brings light
to the dark street
that came to be
in this world
when hopes
are lost
sometimes
they linger
on the dark street
sometimes
they feed
the darkness
on the dark street
sometimes
they conjure
nightmares
nightmares that
trouble our sleep
nightmares born of
the dark street
desolate
is the dark street
unknown
to the stars
is the dark street
the streetlight
is the only thing
that brings
any light
to the dark street

***

- 2/23/2026

A city
on a hill
lost in
a heavy fog
is it even there
anymore
we cannot tell
our old
rigid beliefs
are being
carried out
by the tides
what would I say
about the prospect
of a new beginning
I don't know
any more
time does not seem
to convey truth
to my senses
like it once did
truth has
been sacrificed
and referred to
as collateral
damage
do not try
to wake me up
anymore
bid me adieu
perhaps
we'll meet again
some day
on the other side
of that great
eternal river

***

- 2/23/2026

This day
I seek to hear
the song
of the Valkyries
to remind me
of something
from long ago
listen and believe
believe and listen
this morning hour
is an hour
of song
ancient song
mythical song
song that sparks
wonder
in the soul
song of
an old world
sung and heard
this day
in the vastness
of time
today I wish
to hear
a song
of mythology
a song that is
like a flame
of imagination
that burns
brightly
forever

***

- 2/24/2026

I sing
a song
of a dreaming Earth
perhaps
no one is
listening
that's just fine
I'm only singing
for myself
and luckily
I've given up
on wine
don't need
any of that
insanity
for that's just
what it'll do
I sing a song
of a dreaming Earth
yet only for
myself
not you

***

- 2/24/2026

Awaken
Awaken
Awaken
by the rippling
starlight
of the Cosmos
open those eyes
to the
event horizon
of eternity
see it all now
dawn and twilight
entwined
seek it all
in the hour
of a sparrow's song
dream
dream
and let awakening
be your own
illusion
of paradise

***

- 2/24/2026

Haven't you
ever been
mesmerized
by the Sun before
it is the
source of light
that touches
this world
and sustains life
there were some
that worshipped
the Sun
and took things
a little too far
in my opinion
but the times
were different then
it's so easy
to form opinions
without
a true understanding
that's a solid truth
that still
causes us problems
to this day

***

- 2/24/2026

SAILING TOWARDS GIBRALTAR :

Waves that glare
at dawn
in the remembrance
of Thebes
the gulls proclaim
immaculate soliloquies
we have drifted
through Copernican
dreams
to this enchantment
of a salty
ship's bell
pull up the anchor
from Poseidon's
villa of coral
do not feel
the maritime wind
of centuries
believe what
a mermaid's eyes
speak in silence
ease gently
into that current
moving southward
then to veer
measures of degrees
sailing towards
Gibraltar
in a haze
of the infinite
mirrored horizon

***

- 2/24/2026

The hawk
does seek
a guiding wind
towards that bounty
among the pine
needles
in mid-century sky
under such a golden
Olympian glare
that of which
entranced
Ptolemy's eyes
and there
by the river bend
does there
a dove linger
along the shore
of the baptismal
flowing current
and then
did the voice speak
from the clouds
from the firmament
above the clouds
that for so long
the visionary
has imagined
a miraculous truth
was here witnessed
and written
by the scribes
for ages beyond
the Sun's dance
horizon to horizon
a thousand cycles
of the Moon
then a thousand more
to a Sunrise
of ethereal gold

***

- 2/24/2026

These times
of the lingering
Moon shadow
darker
darker
darker
grows the sky
as the stars
become more
and more visible
like adorning
jewels
of epiphany
so you seek
to sail upon
the sea
the sea within
a vision
inspired by
a sea shanty
the music
of that organ
made of
Sargasso Sea coral
let's go
unfurl
the main sail
lets make way
for the Azores
Gibraltar
Alexandria
where a great
lighthouse
in ancient days
gave its light
to a dark sea
under the starry
heavens
Queen of the Nile
that one's eyes
brought us
crazy mad
dreams
of love
and longing
for eternity

Some snakes
go to lakes
for the weekends
in their
alligator shoes
they foment
that strange
strange feeling
of breathing
corrupted air
now the truth
gets spun
all the time
now the truth
gets tied
to a vine
every day
and night
every night
and day
we're moving
closer towards
the time
of the fiddle
player

***

- 2/24/2026

The silent
winter bell
tells me
a witching tale
in the pale
ascending blue
of the pre-dawn sky
there was a most
mysterious wind
here recently
it has returned
to the sea
carrying
a harvest
of shells
winter's cold
presence
has yet to yield
to laments
for warmth
and radiant Sun
sometimes
out here
upon this
sandy plateau
of time
I hear
the ship bells
of voyages
over a century ago
I lament as well
for warmth
and Sun
the waves here
play a music
of cascading
serenity
the maritime hours
mingling
with salty sea

***

- 2/25/2026

When the Moon
glows red
and hurls
its serpents
into
our birdbaths
we know
that tax season
is upon us
when we try
and tend to
our gardens
and are greeted by
a gathering
of hydras
we know
that the cost
of utilities
will be increasing
when we
head down
to the liquor store
for some beer
and find
a tree
full of crows
in its place
we will know
that the ships
to anywhere else
has already sailed
and we missed it

***

- 2/25/2026

All the mermaids
laughed
and swam away
all the bottles
were empty
by the end
of the next day
all the sirens
stopped singing
when I sailed near
I attempted
to crash upon
their rocks
without fear
no good
no good
no good
it all was
for me
so with
more bottles
and more
indifference
I set out
on a new journey
across the sea
the sea
the sea

***

- 2/26/2026

Sing
sweet
and pithy
your sonnets
sing them
sweet and pithy
fill them with
philosopher's stone
you know
what it is
through
the forest leaves
Sunlight reveals
a true
trace reflection
of eternity
eternity
breathe it
and smell
its flowers
muse of
the beach sand
muse of
the seashells
muse of wind
echoes in wind
silent reflections
of cosmic cities
on the horizon
I knew you
back when
we were younger
and more
unburdened
by so much
complexity
see this isle
in your own
imagined ocean
dream it
dream of it
make it
a lasting dream
*** - 2/25/2026

Sweet muse
of darkness
where are you
at tonight
all I wanted
was to feel
the venom
taste
the hemlock
looking into
the eyes
of the asp
all I wanted
was to be
lost in
the desert
of sacred time
vultures above
look for us now
though not forever
do not
look for us
forever
bring the dreams
with you
in a wine cask
or a flask
burn brightly
Taoist star
count those
shooting stars
over the
Prime Meridian
tonight
blessed obscurity
of the fog
it reminds me
of that year
I had forgotten

***

- 2/25/2026

Sing silently
you ....
the song creator
on the loom
walk a day's distance
in an hour
do not believe
the mile markers
and you will not
be hindered
by notions
of the impossible
for I tell you
the impossible
is possible
beyond
the threshold
lantern light
shining
where Luxor
pillars stand
most defiant
of winds
that seek
to vanquish
gaze upon
the flower's halo
summer
without end
would be
the enlightened
predetermined fate
I call wings forth
from cauldrons
what am I to do
the distilled shadow
along the river
that flows
in the sky

***

- 2/26/2026

With a billion
beams of Sunlight
glowing now
touching
all the rooftops
in this city
in these monuments
that are mystical
sages
philosophers
poets
flute and loot
players
give me
some sacred light
eternal
sacred light
give me
hours
days
weeks
months
years of the
sacred light
make it
always bright
make it
sent forth
from a vast sea
of fire waves
now everlasting
now surmising
this light
may not be eternal
yet it knows
light
that is eternal

***

- 2/26/2026

Tell me
of this
distant thunder
how can
I find
how can I believe
in a true
providence now
the sea
can bring you
the miracles
that you seek
dream ocean
isles
seen only
momentarily
awaken
yet remember
the sleep
the ship
you sailed upon
remember
the voyage upon
the dream ocean

***

- 2/26/2026

Move us towards
vast
boundless
plateaus of roses
move us towards
a solstice breeze
an equinox wind
by neglect
we've allowed
too much
to be gathered
together
in a sandstorm
without sand
stars of night
beckon us
to set upon
starry heavens
above
and dream about
all that
is waiting for us
out there
out there
creation
beauty
and wonder
without end

***

- 2/26/2026

Awake again
in the grip
of cold winter
I must go
into the office
shortly
and offer up
some hours
to the cauldron
of capital
tell it
as you see it
yet perhaps
there is
no one to tell
if that be
the case
then receive
the words
the wind carries
the birds
will understand
what you
are about
the birds
will always
understand
have little doubt
have much
patience
remember
the English garden
that awaits
how I love
a good stroll
in that
English garden

***

- 2/26/2026

When the nightingales
are singing
through my window
and there's enough
magical essence
in the air
to believe
in the impossible
I want this
waking dream
to last
a long
long while
I want to see
a reflection
of eternity
thrice and ten
multiplied
and though
diminished
still faded
reflection
of eternity
in this hour
of the flower's
lunar aura
I listen closely
and can hear
an opera
from a different
world
a thousand
and a thousand
and a thousand
times multiplied
then deducted
from the distance
a mule can travel
in as many
centuries
as there are
stars to
be seen tonight

***

- 2/26/2026

The night
has gone
against me so
no stars
brightly shine
no heavenly wonders
for eyes to know
just snow
and ice
a frozen land
the winter
has been here once
and its return
is at hand
yet this night
when I sleep
may I have
such a dream
where I'll be
drifting along
down a starry stream
dream and light
dream and light
be my sanctuary
this winter's night

***

- 2/26/2026

They've come looking
for the dues
yet I've got nothing
but for
some holes
in my shoes
they've come looking
for their slice
of the pie
so I quickly
concoct
some not so
believable lie
I duck and
I hide
hoping the
bill collectors
pass me by
perhaps they'll
forget
though I wouldn't
take that bet
they've come looking
for the dues
in these hard times
in this time
of the blues

***

- 2/26/2026

A salty wind
lashed me so
down by the sea
where I thought
I'd go
to walk amidst
the washed up shells
to listen closely
for the faint
ship's bell
were that I
was not one
to so dream
yet I am
so I am
does it always
seem
and the seagulls
up there
in the sky
in flight
so gracefully
do they fly
now to behold
this salty
misted sight
of breaking waves
this sight
before me
of breaking waves
it saves
it saves
that peace I find
a trace
of the divine
in a salty wind

***

- 2/27/2026

So does
this gust of wind
speak
a thousand names
as to the east arises
the dawn's flames
and so our eyes meet
a new day's glow
as the wind
does rise
and the
currents flow
and so shall
we see
the aura of Helios
rise over the waves
as has been seen
and remembered
those countless days
by those who awaken
and wander
like a sage
to the edge
of the sea
beyond the haze
of sleep
to behold
the illumination
of early morning

***

- 2/27/2026

That rose
was but
a deceiving thing
for the thorns
the thorns
were the embodiment
of its nature
lured close
by deceiving
beauty
the thorns
were to
their nature true
and so did
the rose
claim this blood
a beauty seen
with bewitched eyes
a sting
to the flesh
a ritual
as old
as words spoken
in lament

***

- 2/27/2026

Car broken down
walking alone
down a dark road
knowing I feel
the eyes
of the toad
looking at me
in this
unlucky hour
I go on
back to
the apartment
with its walls
that reflect
solitude
a flower
is not a thing
to be seen
around here
the year
is new
and already
a cobra
tomorrow
I'll be off
to that valley
of the alchemy Sun
searching for
the horizon's bell
once found
may it ring
all through
the valley
may philosophers
and kings
rejoice
with goblet
in hand

***

- 2/27/2026

Her song
was a fate
of daggers
by the time
I realized this
I was already
too far committed
in being a fool
her lyrics
were lyrics
of deadly
illumination
they went off
in my soul
like exploding
stars
by then
I was
way too lost
in a dream
I'd woven
for myself
full of
false beliefs
when she let
the daggers fly
all I could do
was to forget
how to cry

***

- 2/27/2026

Won't be hiking
in the forest
this weekend
still too much
snow on the ground
it would be
too easy
to get lost
out there
on the trails
the trails
would disappear
before my eyes
and there would
just be
snow and trees
in all directions
every direction
looking the same
uncertain
about the way back
I'll just
have to wait
for the snow
to melt some more
throughout
my life
time has
often been
both a friend
and a foe

***

- 2/27/2026

Idle winds
a nightingale
in Madrid
wine of
painted scenes
wine of
the paintings
that are
like dreams
to your eyes
what do you
surmise
what has yet
to be written
is written
where the winds
howl
and the bats fly
take me
to your oasis
to your paradise isle
in the sea
if I stay here
I fear
I will be lost
to mail
I never wanted
to see
and empty
bottles of beer
that spread
like a plague
of one of
those hopeless
philosophies

***

- 2/27/2026

We're moving across
the salt flats
where dreams
meet Earth
where dream visions
are reflected
in pools
of sapphire water
our ponderings
journey
above
beyond
below
between
and beyond
again and again
at dawn
the salt flats
glow
by the light
of a mystical flame
the sapphire water
aglow
by the light
of the mystical flame

***

- 2/28/2026

I am far
too idle
on mornings
like this
the moments
are there
to be seized
the opportunities
are there
to possess
yet I simply
lie around
in a haze
of hazy thoughts
I know that
I spend
far too much time
in such a haze
winter eventually
yields to spring
spring to summer
summer to autumn
then winter returns
once again
yet regardless
of the season
things always
stay the same
for me
I do not
take advantage
of each season's
wind
to sail away
to some
better prospect
I spend
my mornings
I spend my days
in idle contemplation
of a haze
within a haze
within
a greater haze
*** - 2/28/2026

A tranquil mind
is such a thing
a wild wind
may scatter
from the horizon
of the dawn
to the horizon
of the twilight
a wild wind
may arise
at any time
from any place
and a wild wind's
fury
may take
tranquility's place
in the mind
of thee
so take care
and take care
and take heed
in all these
passing days
that like a river
flows towards
a vast sea

***

- 2/28/2026

The fog
of the Sun
is a sacred fog
a holy fog
a fog that
you can
really loose
yourself in
once you're in
the sacred
holy
fog of the Sun
it can make you
never want
to leave
and go back
to a world
of pretentious
clarity

***

- 2/28/2026

Another night
in the palace
of solitude
another night
of silence
but for
the echoes
the voices
of lost friends
reminding me
of my solitude
another night
in the palace
just an old
memory or two
that stings
like the thorns
of a rose
just that
lost love's
phantom eyes
there in
the shadows
she knows
you're alone
in the palace
of solitude
while out there
somewhere
someone
is looking up at
the stars
questioning
the meaning
of it all
and the stars
are very bright
tonight

***

- 2/28/2026

A dark day
in this time
of thorns
a deceiving beauty
drapes the sky
of the morn
the Sun
may shine
and the world
seem bright
yet underneath
this facade
there is
a lingering night
and the birds sing
as ever
in the light
of a new day
yet they sense
a shadow looming
and in time
are driven away
no songs to hear
no sweet serenity
to be thine
yet strangely
strangely
the hours possess
such omens
and signs
as thorns grow
in number
like gathering
legions
soon this land
will be but
a gloomy region
of dark skies
and horizons
of thorns
they did warn
how they warned
the omens
and the signs
of the deceiving
morn
*** - 2/28/2026

Candles
and windmills
and ziggurats
galore
now in
the electrified
night
drift like seaweed
to the seaweed
shore
never knowing
a tempest
of manic cries
wooden crates
washed ashore
under
an Atlantean Sun
create new dreams
with your
glass bottles
and shells
the sirens
are working
at this hour
seeking the hearts
of sailors
to eat
they saw me
there upon
the shore
looking up at
the cold
reflection
of stars
the hydras
beyond the cliffs
are devouring
corporate spies
those lies
won't save
them now
the crabs
collecting
timeless tintypes
a sea captain

lights
a tobacco pipe
an illusion
of five dimensions
appears
as an iceberg
mingling
with the horizon
a time piece
and a solitary Sun
an obelisk
rising
from a coral reef
upon it
is inscribed
an ancient song
of the ocean

***

- 2/28/2026

Let us sweep
the inferno
of the glass Sun
I have been
waiting
for the peacock
to appear like
a Zoroastrian sign
I have been waiting
for the vines
to climb
the castle wall
to reach
the flying buttress
I am looking
for eternal
salvation
by gazing
the candle
in the room
of grimoires
fifty thousand
doves
flew over Paris
in the afternoon
what was
I dreaming
how was
I dreaming
where was
I dreaming
that you
found me
a small raft
for me to
escape to
my very own
exile

***

- 2/28/2026

Laughter
and Sun-rays
of Plutonium
diamonds
and cutlery
of the ancient
hashish eater
turn on
the radio
out there
in the morning
on the bog
your personality
is a wintry
coal mine
better
that you face
the dice
of three mice
salvation
and the
abandonment
of poetry
are two
separate things
I fell into
the fools trap
duped again
by the fool's map
what I saw
was the fall
of the wall
I remember it
so well
while that
three-headed dog
guarded
the gates of Hell
Helios
was my acquaintance
for a time
we drank
some wine
we felt fine
we spoke

of Socrates
we remembered him
fondly

***

- 3/1/2026

So it's a
new day
the old days
have faded
yet have left
some old
photography
emblazoned
in the sky
of memory
so it's
a new day
time always
drifts away
there is nothing
that can stop it
when it flows
onward
like a river
this new
Sunlight
never seen
upon the Earth
before
we behold
such radiance
and are glad
to have done so
from time
to time
for it makes us
remember
the passage
of time

***

- 3/1/2026

For myself
I never understood
how things
come together
and then
fall apart
impermanence
is an unavoidable
condition
here on
this tiny
blue dot
much of what
was once
new and glorious
is now
ruins in the sands
that slowly
fades all things
from memory
I have always
found myself
wishing
that all
the glorious
the most
beautiful things
could last forever
yet there it is
again
the unavoidable
condition
of impermanence
stalking us
like a hungry
jackal
in the dark night

***

- 3/1/2026

The night
will be
a long night
the Moon
shall be
a bright Moon
up there
glowing
like a Socratic
lantern
light from stars
that has
travelled
for centuries
will reach us
tonight
a journey's end
as the starlight
touches
the cities
the fields
the meadows
where the music
of the night
will often
enchant
the wandering soul

***

- 3/1/2026

About ten years
back
I moved into
an apartment
with not much
of a view
it didn't
bother me
at first
out there
on my balcony
in the morning
with my coffee
and a smoke
looking at
an old road
that looked like
countless
other old roads
looking at
a few
telephone poles
and of course
the telephone lines
there's a few bushes
shrubs
nothing fancy
a few trees
not many
to the northerly
direction
yet quite a few
looking south
there's a parking lot
with a streetlight
many times
in the summer
I've seen bats
flying circles
around it
not sure why
I suppose
it's simply for
the love
of the light
*** - 3/1/2026

The sage
of hourly motions
currents of wind
brings us news
through telepathy
from a southward
horizon
that glows
like Apollonian
genesis
the rhythm
and meter
of waves
at a journey's end
bestows
a symphonic clarity
to the one
who walks along
this continent's
boundary
how I did see
the North Star
a fortnight past
and that
celestial bridge
of imagined
illumination
to be out here
as early as now
beholding a fresco
of maritime memory
adorning
this cathedral
of salty air
my thoughts
mingle
with glaring waves
of the eastern
horizon

***

- 3/1/2026

Hold fast
on your
urgent reflection
for now
we must seek
the star chart's
hidden wonders
beyond all
that you know
there are stars
and stars
and more stars
than you could
ever fathom
hold fast
and keep well
this philosophy
of immaculate
heavens
in a state
of mind
in a place
of being
where time
does not
define itself
go and seek
the mythology
of Greco-Roman
constellations
there behold
the faint
distant sparkle
of immortality

***

- 3/1/2026

Solitary windmills
in random fields
are a true
reflection
of it all
when I first
went out
into the grind
of society
I knew
very little
about the vipers
and asp
of the streets
after twenty years
I was like
a seashell
washed up
on the beach
where the
seagulls fly

***

- 3/1/2026

You and I
are solitary
pilgrims
of the stars
we are well beyond
the point
of doubtful
belief
we know
a few things
about
the cosmic garden
of eternity
feel my
dreaming soul
awaken
I see
the lovely feathers
of a lovely bird
I can hear
the voices
of stars
I had sought
to discover
a new philosophy
within
a single moment
in time
I wish you well
I wish you all well
I wish you all
avoid Hell
please avoid Hell
there's nine circles
there
of fire
and of ice
and of wind

***

- 3/1/2026

The boundless
the boundless
the boundless
rolling
expanse
of the plateau
if I ever knew
a single thing
it would be
the boundless
rolling
expanse
of the plateau
it is such
a thing
to know
and glorify
it is such
a thing
to know
and fortify
keep it
well guarded
land developers
are always seeking
to develop land
that us boundless
keep it boundless
keep it
a majestic expanse
keep it within
your soul
and memory
keep it in there
and all
the oysters
of the world
are yours

***

- 3/1/2026

I devour
moments of time
with a hunger
for time
I go about
in my
immediate world
looking for
splendor
finding little
though finding
some
I walk the Earth
an oddity
in this time
of the mysterious
I become enchanted
by things
such as the Moon
I walk down
trails in the
Pine Barrens
searching for
the kingdom
of the Sunrise

***

- 3/1/2026

The Sun
is melting
the snow
out there
the Earth
keeps going
around the Sun
many in
Medieval times
thought differently
yet with enough
trips around
that old star
the pieces
of the puzzle
start to make
more sense
gravity
binds us
to this world
we walk upon
I listen
and hear
sphinx muses
speak of gardens
in the
Greco-Roman days
I will go
out there today
and walk the Earth
the Sun
is melting
the snow
the snow returns
to the form
of water
the water
will return
to vapor
that returns
to the clouds
the clouds
will bring us
the rains again
and perhaps

in a year's time
some more snow

***

- 3/1/2026